WHO'LL SUCCEED BOOTH?

OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY EMINENT THEATRICAL MANAGERS

ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

The Prospects of Three Good Ones, Alexander Salvini, Louis James and Richard Mansfield—The Fickleness of Public Favor—Walker Whitesides a Very Promising Dark Horse.

Correspondence of the Globe. [Copyright.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Who will succeed Edwin Booth as the leading American tragedian? A question easily asked, but one which the caprice of public favor and the fickle fortune of the stage render exceedingly difficult to answer. Upon the dramatic horizon many stars are rising, but which of them will achieve the place of first magnitude is a problem that only the future can solve. In the meantime, there is no lack of prophecy on the subject, or at least, speculation. Perhaps no question is fraught with greater interest for the American theater-goer,

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

and intelligent opinions thereon are in order. A number of such opinions have been obtained, and while they do not raise the question beyond the realm of strong probability, are none the less worthy of attention, because of the estimable source from which they emanate.

A. M. Palmer, of Palmer's theater, New York, was the first man in this country to recognize the talent of Alexander Salvini to the extent of offering him an engagement. It was in 1882, after traveling through the country with Signor Rossi, that he became filled with an ambition to win fame on the English-speaking stage. He applied to Mr. Palmer for an engagement, and at the manager's request he recited Hamlet's soliloquy. Though his English was masked in a richly modulated Italian accent, the young actor had thoroughly mastered the lines and their meaning and spoke them in a manner to convince the manager that the son of the illustrious Tomaso Salvini had inherited a generous share of his father's genius. The subsequent career of young Salvini has confirmed Mr. Palmer in that opinion.

"To point out the successor of the great Edwin Booth," said Mr. Palmer the other day, "is a task which one approaches naturally with considerable misgiving. So many uncontrollable circumstances combine to make an actor famous or to make him the center of public favor that the best one can do in the matter of such a prophecy is to deal in probabilities, based upon the axiom that merit commands success. If you ask me who, in my opinion, is likely to achieve the distinction which Mr. Booth enjoyed, that of being the leaning American tragedian, I will unhesitatingly answer, Alexander Salvini. He has in him, through both heridity and training, the stuff that makes great tragedians. It is true that his success thus far has been won in the field of romantic drama rather than that of tragedy. This fact is not due to any failure that he has made in tragic roles, but to other reasons. With Edwin Booth still before the public it required more temerity than Salvini possessed to present himself as a candidate for public approval in Shakespearean drama. He chose instead the field of romantic drama, and being admirably adapted to the roles he assumed, he met with success. That success, I believe, would be augmented a hundred fold should he enter the field for which his talents, natural and acquired, so eminently fit him. That field is tragedy. He is full of fire and strenfith, and never was an actor more liberally endowed in the matter of presence for the great tragic roles. He would fill the eye as well as the ear. His voice is exceedingly flexible. Though in its softer cadences it is soothing to the point of a caress, it can be keyed to the most violent emotions There was another good reason for Salvini's not beginning his career as an actor of tragedy. His pronunciation of English was at the outset far from perfect. That defect he is now rid of. If Edwin Booth is to have a successor, which many doubt, Alexander Salvini, in my opinion, would be the coming man."

J. M. Hill, manager of the Standard theater, expressed the belief that Edwin Booth would never have a successor, in the true sense of the term, because the actor who wins a place in the regard of the American people corresponding to that occupied by Mr. Booth will not be a tragedian distinguished for his interpretation of Shakesperean characters. "The leading American actor of the future," said Mr. Hill, "must be a man of boundless versatility. That is the spirit of this great country—diversification of industries. Don't think that I am talking now from the manager's semi-commercial standpoint, for I am not. As a student of events theatrical for some years, I believe I make a correct estimate of the tastes of the American people. The American taste for the drama cannot be satisfied with tragedy alone—at least it will not be satisfied to accept as its representative actor the man who entertains them chiefly with glimpses of humanity's dark or serious side. He must be an artist who is able and does take his audience through the whole range of human emotions. Can I think of any man

FRED WARDE.

now on the stage who is likely to meet these requirements? Yes, I could name several, with Richard Mansfield probably heading the list. He has played everything from burlesque to tragedy. I non't say he is the favorite upon whom the American people will place the crown of distinction as the leading actor, but it is upon such a man that it will be bestowed. I don't mind saying, however, that I think his claims for the honor are very strong, and not unlikely to prove successful. Though an Englishman by birth, all his professional success has been achieved on the American stage, and a great portion of his youth was spent in the United States. He considers himself an American actor, since he has been thoroughly identified with the drama in this country for the past ten years. During his recent visit to England he was criticised as an American, and in his endeavor to make American art successful in England he lost a great many thousands of dollars. He attempted to outdo by an American production of a Shakespearean drama all that had been previously done in England. How far he succeeded may be gathered from the judgment of those who saw the production in London, where its perfection was even greater than when seen on the boards of Palmer's theater, in New York City. To my mind, no one man is doing more for the elevation of American dramatic art in all its phases than Mr. Mansfield. Fortunately, he is meeting with substantial encouragement from the public, and you know nothing inspires an actor to greater achievement than public recognition of his worth. It has not always been so with Mr. Mansfield.

WALKER WHITESIDES.

Recently the tide of public approval has set in his favor to a marked degree. Where this tide will carry him it is, of course, impossible to predict. Perhaps it will land him high and dry in the place left vacant by Mr. Booth, in the sense of being the foremost American actor."

Daniel Frohman, the well-known manager, smiled when the subject of Booth's successor was mentioned. "The question," said he, "is, of course, one of the greatest interest and importance, but the luck of the stage makes it a difficult one upon which to form an opinion, much less make a prediction. In another age, I suppose, it might not have been so hard to answer. But in these times the theatrical race is not always to the swift. The element of chance has so much to do nowadays in bringing people to the front in any line of endeavor dependent upon public favor. The successor of Mr. Booth may be struggling today for a mere pittance in some company where he is an understudy for an actor of recognized ability. Should he get a chance through the illnes of the principal to play the part he has understudied, he may make a hit that will give him further opportunity to show his talents, and after that he may reach the pinnacle of fame at a bound. This height once attained, anything is possible, even to his filling the place left vacant by Mr. Booth. I say that the honor may be waiting for such a one, but, of course, the chances are greatly against it. In all probability, if Mr. Booth is to have a successor, he will be found among those members of the profession who have already reached a distinguished place. One thing, however, I regard as certain; the leading American tragedian will not be chosen by the people from among the group of tragedians whom Mr. Booth overshadowed during his brilliant career. The prize will fall in some other quarter, probably to some young man, who may be regarded as never having been in the field before. Most of our young actors fight shy of tragedy, though, and seek rather to make themselves valuable to managers in those lighter roles which the prevailing public taste makes most profitable from the pecuniary point of view. The fact is, the present day school of acting is not calculated to develop talents of the tragic order. I don't mean by this that the American stage is without actors well fitted to achieve renown as tragedians, but the conditions hardly exist now which brought into prominence such men as Forrest, Davenport, Barrett and Booth. A valid answer to all this, however, is the trite, but none the less true, contention that Shakespeare will never die; and so long as his plays remain dear to the public, the possibility always remains that there may appear some American actor who will interpret them in a manner to command international fame. At present, though, there seems to be no American actor who can be said to be even striving for such an object. There are a number, however, who might well enter the lists, and with good probability of winning success. I would like to see some of them do it. Richard Mansfield has in him the ability to win great distinction in Shakespearean drama. While it would seem well nigh impossible for any actor to fill the vacancy upon the American stage caused by the death of Booth, Mr. Mansfield might, by identifying himself with tragic roles, reach a degree of popularity analagous to that enjoyed for so many years by Edwin Booth."

Rose Eytinge, who is now retired from the stage, is devoting herself to literary work. She said laconically that most of the present day actors would have to be born again if they ever succeeded Edwin Booth as the leading American tragedian. "Booth," she continued, "had the heart and soul of a great artist. He came of a family of great players. He could feel as well as act, for in his life he had known what it was to suffer. His life was such that it had developed every side of an intense nature, and fitted him above all his contemporaries for the faithful portrayal of human emotions. Where can we find an actor today of whom these things can be said? I don't mean, however, that our stage does not boast of many excellent actors—actors who possess talent, and even genius, but it seems to me there is lacking the something which in an actor tends to kindle the heart of a nation, and awaken that sentiment felt by the American people toward Edwin Booth.

"There is a very young actor, as yet unknown to wide-spread fame, who, I think, possesses qualities which may in time bring him to the forefront of public attention. He has had the courage, rarely found nowadays among young actors, to begin his career in Shakesperean drama, in which he has been eminently successful from an artistic standpoint, in the judgment of those who can season their criticism with homely reason. His name is Walker Whitesides. He played a short engagement a year ago at the Union Square theater. I saw his performance of 'Hamlet,' and it profoundly impressed me. Some of the newspaper critics, I believe, made satirical reference to the similarity of his methods to those of Edwin Booth. The intention was to suggest that young Whiteside made a feeble effort at imitation of the great actor. My opinion is that this was unjust. That his Hamlet was in some respects like that of Booth is true, but it did not strike me that the resemblance was the result of studied imitation, but rather the mark of a genius all the more to be admired, because it possessed traits of the kind which contributed to the greatness of Booth. That may be called a charitable criticism, but I do not intend it as such. At any rate, I believe that young Whitesides has great talent. I saw him in other roles, and after each performance I came away with a higher regard for his abilities. I don't wish to be understood as saying that Walker Whitesides is destined to be the successor of Edwin Booth as the leading American tragedian, but, if there are any aspirants to that distinction, I don't think his chance for success is by any means the smallest."

Louis Aldrich is one of the old-time actors who knew Boorh before he became famous, and is familiar with the history of his career, as well as that of other American tragedians who gained widespread celebrity. In his opinion Louis James is the actor best equipped to take first place as the exponent of Shakespearean plays or as an interpreter of any of the great tragic roles. "Louis James," said Mr. Aldrich, "is an actor of the very first rank. As a reader of Shakespeare he is forceful, always picturesque, and has a voice full of resonance, and is never clamorous. When he performs a Shakespearean role he does not seek to startle his audience with modern meanings and sensational effects, but plays it within the safe lines of stage tradition. That's how Shakespeare should be played if the genius of the Bard of Avon is to be enjoyed in its best aspect. You can't make a tank drama of Shakespeare. The heart and soul of his plays belong to the past, to the age of romance, and it is an artistic impossibility to engraft with them the methods employed in modern drama. When you attempt that you pollute that atmosphere which constitutes the quiet charm of Shakespeare. Booth knew this and kept the knowledge ever before him. Louis James knows it, too, and is not afraid to defy the shallow critics who are ever ready to pitch into what they call slavery to stage tradition. Louis James is a tragedian who has talent which, if employed steadily in the acting of tragedy, would make him worthy to be the successor of Edwin Booth. As it is, the Shakesperean plays in which he appears are never acted better in this country, so far as the leading roles are concerned. His Othello is to my mind an ideal performance. Is there much likelihood of his becoming the successor of Booth? I can only answer that I believe he has as good a chance for it as any other actor that I know; and I think I know them all."

CHILL CHILTON.

May Bond for Water Works.

Special to the Globe.

ELBOW LAKE, Minn., Feb. 24.—The village council has decided to submit the question of voting $6,000 bonds to put in a water works system at the forthcoming spring election. The license question is also vexing the local wire pullers.

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Send all mail orders to Mme. Yale at her headquarters, Temple of Beauty, 146 State street, Chicago, Ill.

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PLAISTED ON RAILROADS.

SPEECH WHICH ELECTRIFIED A TOWN MEETING.

HOW THE WORLD WHIZZED BY

Augustus Attempts to Explain the Wilson Bill to Ethelrinda When Benjy Played the Fiddle—An Age of Progress—Pen Picture of an Innocent Child—The Season of Lent.

[Copyright, 1894.]

In town meetin', last fall, Ezra Bumstead made er motion thet we should petition the Chesterhoosic & Bloomdale Valley railroad, thet they are buildin' now, to pass through Grassvale. Wall, I'd heerd 'nough 'bout railroads an' I got up an' made a speech.

"Mr. Moderator," I said, "twenty years ago the news first come thet a railroad waz a-goin' to be built through Grassvale.

"Then ev'ry man flung down his hoe, his ax an' his hammer an' scooted for Blodgett's store to talk about it.

"We all thought an' said thet Grassvale would be a secon' London right away, an' the price of lan' riz $10 an acre in one night. Ev'ry man who didn' hev a two-cent piece an' a nickel to jingle ag'inst each other in his pocket talked 'bout startin' a national bank an' buyin' all the bonds the gov'ment hed to spare. We decided to fix over the school in deestrict number five into a college an' call it the Grassvale university. We made up our min' to start two daily papers, an' build the bigges' jail in the state. Blodgett's ol' grocery store was to be made into an emporium, Dave Peter's saw mill into a factory, an' ev'ry man was goin' to wear a stiff dickey, an' a tail coat, an eat sass three times a day.

"Then we all went home an' sot down an' waited for the railroad to come, an' we hain't done nothin' sence. More grass grows on our streets than grows in our fiel's, an' ev'ry man on us hez let two weeds grow where one grew afore, an', if any on us worked enough to make us hungry, we should all starve to death.

"We've all sot still for the last twenty years an' waited for that railroad, an' the birds of heaven has made their nests in our hair, an' the grass hez grown out of our ears. If our houses should fall down over our heads we would all move into our barns, use the ruins to light our cook stoves, an' thank the Lord for a new supply er firewood.

"We've bin waitin' for the railroad an' puttin' off payin' our taxes. The Congregational church hez blown down, an' those few of us who are goin' to heaven are goin' by the way of Jed Plunkett's ol' shingle mill. Elder Plumber hez left us coz his salary left him, an' hiz deacons pestered him to death tryin' to borry money of him. Doc Symonds hez left us coz ev'rybody here is too slow to break out with the measles, an' no epidemic would have force enough to spread.

"We hev bin waitin' for the railroad an' all the rest of the worl' haz whizzed by us, an' we have bin livin' in the middle of the last cent'ry an' usin' the same almanicks our grandfathers used.

"I for one don't go in for this position. No railroad will ever come this way, coz railroads are nineteenth cent'ry affairs, an' we are a hundred years behind 'em.

"Now, go home, yer lazy critters you, cut down the juniper bushes in yer front yards, drive the hins out of yer settin' rooms, tickle the groun' with a plow, don't let the chickens roost on yer shoulders, git up an' git, boom things, raise more hay on yer land, an' less moss on yer backs, an' in ten years you can build a railroad of your own."

WHEN BENJY PLAYED THE FIDDLE.

W'en Benjy played the fiddle an' we sashayed down the middle,
I believe the angel choir took a rest an' shet up shop,
That their eyes with pleasure glistened an' they shet up shop and listened,
For w'en Benjy played the fiddle any angel oughter stop;
They couldn' come in competition with ol' Benjy a musician,
An' I know they stopped an' listened as they tipped their golden crowns,
W'en we sashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-downs.

W'en Benjy played the fiddle an' we sashayed down the middle,
All the stars thet sang in Eden tried the same ol' tune ag'in,
An' ol' Jupiter an' Neptune an' the Handle Dipper kep' tune,
An' all the planets kep' in step to his ol violin,
I believe the sollum fac's is thet the worl' upon its axis
Wobbled to the jolly jingle of that blessed fiddler's soun's,
W'en we sashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-downs.

W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle an' we sashayed down the middle,
Though they said he warn't no artist yet he's made our pulses start,
An' no music chap who knows art, like ol' Mendleson an' Mozart,
Ever set sich waltzes playin' in the dance hall of our heart,
All our veins wuz set a-tingle to the music of his jingle,
An' he just made trippin' fairies out of us codhopper clowns,
W'en we sashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-downs.

W'en Benjy played the fiddle, an' we sashayed down the middle,
An' I swung my smilin' Sally down the ol' plank floor,
Then the glad ol' heart of Natur' beat in tune to its Creator,
An' there warn't no sin, nor sorrer, tears nor trouble any more.
Everythin' wuz fuller vircher, an' ol' Nick himself wouldn't hurt yer,
For he melted to repenance w'en he heerd them music soun's,
W'en we sashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-downs.

Augustus Explains the Wilson Bill.

"What is the Wilson bill, anyway?" asked Ethelrinda of her adorer Augustus.

Ethelrinda wished Augustus to think that she thought he knew everything; and she tried to give him a chance every fifteen minutes to tell it. And he thought that she thought that he did.

"Oh, the Wilson bill, my dear," replied Augustus, "is an enactment now before congress to—to—"

"Yes, yes," said Ethelrinda, eagerly, "I knew you could explain it. Go on."

"It is an enactment," Augustus repeated, because he thought enactment was a good word, "it an enactment to regulate, and, as it were, to modify, to—to—er—"

"Why, you begin to make it as plain and easy, Augustus, as anything. If I could have you all the time to explain such things I should soon understand all about politics. But, go on, Augustus, I am eager to learn."

"The Wilson bill," continued Augustus, smiling with a smile that could be seen around to the back of his head at the compliment, "the Wilson bill is an enactment intended—or designed—to regulate, and, as it were, I may say, to modify, or to make it plain, you understand, to regulate in several important particulars, more or less important, which need modification, or, as I may say, regulation."

"This is the first time I ever understood the tariff," said Ethelrinda, as her head drooped upon his shoulder; and he felt perfectly assured that he was an intellectual giant.

LENT.

Oh, let us all pray in this season of Lent
That our wicked and frivolous neighbors repent.
When we see how our fellows are sunken in sin,
The depravity deep of our neighbors and kin,
We rejoice at the season, so holy and good,
That falls like a balsam on our neighborhood.
We know that the season is blessed and meet
For that wicked family over the street,
It comes like a plumber to make his repairs
On that sin-smitten family living up stairs,
And though I am willing enough to agree
'Twas never established for you and for me,
It falls like a poultice upon an old sore
On that depraved fellow who lives the next door.

An Innocent Child.

"Please give me some flowers, my grandmother's dead," she asked, in accents low, and the florist gave her half he had, for his heart was touched with woe. Next week she came to him once more, and the same sad words she said. "Please give me some flowers," she asked once more, "my poor old grandmother's dead." And the florist scratched the top of his head, to make the matter plain. "Ah, yes, I see," he slowly said, "your grandmother's dead again. How often, my dear, is your grandmother dead?" The maiden did not wince. "Been dead a year and a half," she said. "But she's staid dead ever since."

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

Let men who much of progress vaunt,
Recall this legend of Vermont.

Once on a time, the legends run,
A man was taken by his son,
When he was palsied and infirm,
And all beyond life's usual term,
And at the age of seventy-nine
Thrown in the hog-pen with the swine.

The years passed on; this son grew old.
His limbs were bent, his blood was cold.
Then his son took the old man hoar,
As he his father, years before,
And at the age of seventy-nine,
Threw him in turn among the swine.
Not only this, but made him stay
And eat swine's food from day to day.

"My son," the old man said in woe,
"I did not treat my father so,
'Tis true I threw him in the pen,
But gave him food designed for men.
Have mercy on my aged woe,
I did not treat my father so."

"Ah, father," his tall son replied,
As he looked o'er the pig-pen's side,
"The world is moving fast and far.
This is an age of progress, pa!"

Sam Walter Foss.

CHEATING THE GODS.

The Chinese Are Not Slow When It Comes to Getting a Rake-Off.

London Times.

A correspondent of the North China Herald, writing from the interior of Kiangsu province, mentions that one of the industries there is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. Formerly the Chinese burned sham paper money, but in these days of enlightenment and foreign intercourse the natives of Soongkong, Hangchow and other places have come to the conclusion that dollars are more handy to the ghosts than clumsy paper money; hence they now, to a great extent, supply their ancestors and departed friends with mock dollars.

There are only half the size of real dollars, but there apppars to be no more harm in cheating the dead than there is in cheating the living. Besides, the deceased are not supposed to know the difference, for many of them departed this life before silver dollars were imported into China. A hundred mock Carolus dollars, done up in boxes, are sold for $34 cash. The operation for making this money is interesting. First of all, there are blocks of tin which are melted down and then poured between boards lined with Chinese paper, and when the upper board is pressed down on the lower a thickness of tin remains. This is next cut up into strips four inches long, one inch wide and an eighth of an inch thick.

Some ten of these strips are placed evenly together, one on top of the other, and one end is held between the fingers, when the workman proceeds to hammer them out till he has beatem them so fine that they are now three feet long and one foot broad, and so thin that they are not thicker than the thinnest paper. This is next pasted on common cardboard, which is then cut with a punching machine to the size of half-dollars, and, this having been done, a boy takes the cut out pieces in hand, and with two dies, one representing the one side and the other the reverse, hammers impressions of dollars on them, and the money is ready for use.

Another very curious instance of the practice of cheating the gods is recorded in the same country. It appears that districts of the Anhui province have lately been ravaged by an epidemic, so that in many places the people were unable to attend to the harvesting of the crops. An attempt was then made to deceive the gods by "playing at" New Year's day, and pretending that September 1 was the first day of the new year. Every preparation for celebrating the bogus New Year was made, such as burning fire-crackers and pasting happy sentences in red paper on the doors.

The object was to make the god of sickness think that he had made a mistake in the seasons and had erred in bringing an epidemic on the people at a time when no epidemics, in the course of nature, should appear. As any action contrary to nature done by the gods is liable to punisnment by the king of heaven, the actors in this farce thought that the god of sickness would gather his evil spirits back to him for fear of the displeasure of his superior divinity. This child's play received the permission and co-operation of the local authorities, but so far no visible effects for the better are apparent.

Drug Store Closed.

Special to the Globe.

MAPLESON, Minn., Feb. 24.—Steadman & Co.'s drug store at Minnesota Lake has been closed by the sheriff. The liabilities are in excess of the assets.

SAM WALTER FOSS, New England's dialect writer, poet and humorist, whose writings are now appearing in the New York World, St. Paul Globe and other papers, has published a book of his earlier poems, and calls it "BACK COUNTRY POEMS." Handsomely bound and illustrated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1 50. Address J. MATHEWS, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

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A LETTER from the Prince of Wales.

Marlborough House, London, December 23, 1893.

To the Publishers of "THE MAGIC CITY:"

DEAR SIRS:—I desire to express to you both my admiration and astonishment at the marvelous beauty of your grand publication. It surpasses any work of the printers' and engravers' art that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding. The photographs in natural colors are a revelation to me. They are beautiful beyond all conception. Your book is rightly named **"THE MAGIC CITY,"** and I am sure it will receive from the intelligent people of your country the hearty recognition to which it is entitled by its superlative merits.

It was originally my intention to accept the very kind invitation of President Harrison to visit your great World's Fair last summer, but a sea voyage is always quite fatiguing and occasionally dangerous, and I, therefore, hesitated until your beautiful book was announced, when I at once realized that it would be more desirable, and certainly far more instructive, than a personal visit. Hence, I abandoned all idea of going to the Fair, and am well pleased with my conclusion, for your splendid book gives me a permanent view of the great Exposition in all its details, as I sit in my library. I am particularly well pleased with your presentation of the world's art, as represented at the Fair; and also with the curious and interesting types of the Midway Plaisance, both of which I observe you have wisely made special features of **"THE MAGIC CITY."**

With congratulations and good wishes, I beg to subscribe myself

ALBERT EDWARD.

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We desire to say, by way of explanation, that the above letter was not actually written by the Prince's own hand, but it correctly expresses his sentiments regarding "THE MAGIC CITY."

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